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THE CHARGE ON THE HINDENBURG LINE

AND OTHER WAR POEMS

A BRIFF HISTORY OF COMPANY B
AND GENEVA'S HONOR ROLL

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THE CHARGE ON THE HINDENBURG LINE

AND OTHER WAR POEMS

A BRIEF HISTORY OF COMPANY B AND GENEVA'S HONOR ROLL

WILLIAM F. CLARK
GENEVA, N. Y.

PRESS OF
W. F. HUMPHREY, GENEVA, N. Y.

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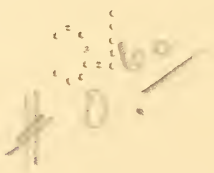
DEDICATED

IN HONOR OF THOSE WHO HAVE ACTED THEIR
PART IN THE WORLD'S GREAT DRAMA,
AT HOME AND "OVER THERE"



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BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM WILSON

Company B, 108th Regiment, 27th Division at Armory, Geneva, N. Y., August 14, 1917.
Captain (now Major) S. H. Merrill stands at the head of the Company.

THE CHARGE ON THE HINDENBURG LINE

From sea on the North to Switzerland,
Inpregnable lines the Germans planned
With trenches the best, each made with skill,
Entangled with wire from hill to hill,
And deep in the earth all cemented and fine
Spacious halls they built on the Hindenburg line.

And thousands have died of England's best,
Attempting this famous line to wrest,
When Yankee troops in their stead were placed,
And fierce was the fire that there they faced,
But "Over the top" they went, shell-pit and mine,
When forward they charged on the Hindenburg line.

The world now applauds their gallant deeds
For swiftly they charged like fiery steeds,
And over this line "Old Glory" waves
Inspiring the Allies with our Braves.
To them we raise our glass of nectar wine,
"Here's to the Boys who smashed the Hindenburg line."

Our boys bravely stood at Kemmel Ridge,
Like veterans old at Concord Bridge,

Whose sons today from the shop and farm,
Were heroes born who marched to the Marne.
Like brave LaFayette who led at Brandywine
They charged at Thierry and Hindenburg line.

Our hearts are sad for our gallant dead
Who fell in battle by Winnek led,
But in our hearts forever they'll live
Who gave the best gifts that men can give.
And here let us build a memorial shrine
For our dead who fell on the Hindenburg line.

How joyful the news flashed 'neath the sea
That soon we'll see our Company "B."
In charge most famed that the world has known
They hurled the Kaiser from German throne.
In story forever their valor will shine
For they smashed the Huns on the Hindenburg line.

And when their steps resound on our streets
New Company "B" will march to greet
The heroes grand, with bugle and drum,
With dames and men to welcome them home.
And then in our Armory hall we will dine
With our boys who charged on the Hindenburg line.

THE CHARGE OF THE MARINE BRIGADE

The demons of destruction neared Paris' door
And sad was the news but their hearts were calm
As they heard with awe the cannon's deadly roar,
When the German army had crossed the Marne.
In the darkest day that gay Paris had seen,
When the sun-set glow was fading away
Was heard the quick steps of our Yankee Marines
As they marched to the Marne to save the day.
Undaunted, our Marine Brigade
Bravely marched in battle arrayed
To avenge the fiend-like manner
In sinking the Lusitania.

And when the sound of their footsteps died away,
The maidens prayed for the gallant Marines
Who would die for them and France on the coming day
To stop the Huns who had haunted their dreams.
Our Yankee Marines when signaled to retire
Were deaf to the orders of commanding
And they routed the Huns with a deadly fire,
So Thierry was won by their charging.
Three cheers for our Marine Brigade
Who charged in battle undismayed

And taunted the German banner
"Remember the Lusitania."

And the banks of the Marne were gory and wet
When our gallant Marines smote German's best,
And crimson dyed was the Marine bayonet
When the evening stars veiled the dead in their rest.
Hurrah for our brave Marines who saved the day
And hurled to the shades of dark Gehenna
The German despoilers who fled in dismay
Affrighted by ghosts of Lusitania.
We laurel our Marine Brigade
For the heroic charge they made
And smiting the German banner
They avenged the Lusitania.

THE ALLIED WATCH ON THE RHINE

The clash of arms is heard no more
And stilled again the cannon's roar.
The Allied troops are on the Rhine
To guard the new armistice line.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
For Allied watch stand firmly here.
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
Our watch, the allied watch, stand firmly here.

Crost Flander's fields on wind was borne
The paper scrap in shreds now torn,
Where Britain's flag stood firm for right
With Belgium in deadly fight.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
For Allied watch stand firmly here.
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Our watch, the allied watch stand firmly here.

In Alsace true and fair Lorraine
The flag of France now floats again,
And on the ancient banks of Rhine,
Restored the stolen land we find.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
For Allied watch stand firmly here.

Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Our watch, the Allied watch stands firmly here.

On German Rhine "Old Glory" waves,
Beneath its folds march Yankee braves,
Where German clan have bowed the knee
Before the star of liberty.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
For Allied watch stand firmly here.
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
Our watch, the Allied watch stands firmly here.

Our shouts resound while river flows;
In golden light our banner glows
On Rhine, the Rhine, thy German Rhine,
America guards, guards stream divine.
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear
For Allied watch stand firmly here.
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Our watch, the Allied stand firmly here.

THE SACRIFICE

In fabled Rome, her forum, torn
In twain by earthquake's putrid blast,
Refused to close its chasm deep
Till priceless gifts within were cast.
"Rome's greatest gift, her valient men,
This gap must fill" brave Curtius cries,
And armor-clad he forward rides
And gives himself a sacrifice.

A yawning deep oped wide its jaws
Twixt North and South in sixty-one,
When Sumter's guns aroused the North
To freedom's conflict then begun.
*Seven hundred times we filled the pit,
A thousand men each time, and then
Three globe-encircling golden coins
We piled upon the slaughtered men.

The God of war was not appeased
With all the men and wealth we spent
Till we had crowned the funeral pile
With our beloved President.

---

*The loss in the Civil War, North and South was about 700,000 men. The cost of the war on both sides is estimated at about $9,000,000,000. $3,000,000,000, gold dollars laid side by side will reach around the globe.

Peace came. And on its ruins rose
A structure grand, world-wide and broad,
The noblest then the world had seen,
And perfect made by chastened rod.
In Fatherland, where flows the Rhine,
I saw a whirlwind lifting high,
All torn in shreds the rights of men,
And smoking ruins blacked the sky.
'Crost Flander's fair and peacedul fields
Barbaric armies ruthless rushed,
"A scrap of paper," their reply
To rights of neutrals they had crushed.

With deadly, gas-filled dropping bombs,
The imps of Hell steal forth at night;
Of sleeping babes and helpless sires,
They hundreds slay in hellish flight.
The dead from Lusitania's wreck
Will rise at resurrection's call
To haunt the demons of the deep,
Awaking from their stifling pall.

Our loss a tithe now asked the world,
For sins atoned must measure cost,
And freeman's rights must be secured
Before there's peace or all is lost.
Great God, to thy decree we bow,
For Thou didst give Thine only Son
A sacrifice for sin-curst world;
And pray to Thee, "Thy will be done."

WE ARE COMING

Air—"Just Before the Battle, Mother"

Once the angels brought the calling,
When the cause of France was dark,
Men, the gates of Orleans watching,
Saw the coming Jo'n of Arc.
There are many Joans nursing,
Brave as men in hero land,
Caring for the maimed and dying,
Saved by loving Joan's hand.

CHORUS—Coming, coming, we are coming,
Don't you hear our battle cry,
On to Berlin we are marching,
There you'll see our colors fly.

On the field of battle leading
Where the Hessian horde he met,
And at Brandywine was bleeding,
We remember Lafayette,
Crost the lovely vine-fields marching,
Maidens give us welcome glance,
Driving back the Huns despoiling,
We are coming, maids of France. CHO.

In the trenches we are fighting,
Ready for the word advance,
Under gallant Pershing leading,
We are with you, men of France.
Hear the battle cry of freedom
As we fight the German boasts,
For the glory of Thy kingdom,
We are coming, Lord of hosts. CHO.

BEHOLD US HERE

At Concord Bridge, I stood one day,
When time turned back and past unfurled,
And saw "The embattled farmer" stand,
Who "Fired the shot heard round the world."

I saw them fall but rise again;
Like Phoenix plumed, there was no death;
For truth and right will never die,
Nor those who breathe immortal breath.

Our boys today are spirit born
Of these brave men with patriot fire,
Who live to day in hearts of men,
Whose worthy deeds their sons inspire.

At bugle's call a million spring
To arms, brave veterans in a day;
When war shall cease their warlike mien
Will change again and pass away.

Across the sea they gladly go;
In sunny France, I hear them cheer,
And Pershing's voice, the dead salute,
"Brave LaFayette, behold us here!"

TUSCANIA'S DEAD

Air—"Vacant Chair"

Sad the news 'neath ocean flashing,
"Transport wrecked off Ireland's coast,
Hundreds in the sea are dying
Victims of Germanic boast,"
Brave the boys, our anthem singing
When they sank beneath the wave,
Over them "Old Glory" flying,
Died the bravest of the brave.

CHORUS—
Torch of freedom we are lighting,
By the rivers flowing red;
Bravely men in battle fighting
Will avenge Tuscania's dead.

When they found them lifeless floating,
Ireland's shores received our braves;
In her bosom they are sleeping,
Names unknown in honored graves.
Not unknown, for God is knowing
Every one they buried there;
They're the seed that He is sowing
Now in answer to our prayer. CHO.

These brave men are never dying,
Phoenix like they'll live again,
Many times their death avenging,
For they died for rights of men,
Now our boys in battle firing
Deadly will they make their aim,
With the Huns before them flying,
Fearful of Tuscania's name. CHO.

Irish blood is famed for fighting,
Like our gallant Sheridan,
Ever by the colors standing,
True as dames in mother land.
Honored Ireland now is keeping
Guard o'er our Tuscania's dead,
Kind the hand our loved receiving,
For her woes our hearts have bled. CHO.

Nearly every State in mourning
When the later news was sent,
As we met for natal keeping
Of our martyred President.
Hundreds by the tide came drifting
Lifeless to famed Scotland's coast
For Roscanna's kindly keeping,
Beckoned on by Ossian's ghost. CHO.

And the sky was veiled and weeping
When loved Scotland's dames and braves
With the flags of nations twining

Marched in sorrow to their graves.
Highland Scotch are famed for standing
Firm as rocks for rights of man;
Wallace brave and Bruce most daring
Fought for rights we now demand. Cho.

Fame of every nation claiming,
English, Irish, French and Scot,
Strong like ore from all mines blending
In our Nation's melting pot.
Millions of our boys are training,
Like their sires both brave and strong,
We will see them home returning
And avenged Tuscania's wrong. Cho.

THE GERMAN JUGGERNAUT

In Hindoo land long years ago for god Vishnu
They built the car of Juggernaut which pilgrims drew
At feast on the incarnate day, from holy shrine
To sacred place in grove where dwelt the gods divine.

Beneath this car ten thousand fall and prostrate lie
To please the gods and offer up themselves to die,
In hope of promise made they strive to win the prize
And dwell with gods with joy supreme in Paradise.

In Germany a car was built at Potsdam town
For Prussian gods to run and ride the world around.
Von Moltke built this car which Bismark's skill had planned
For Germany to rule the world with iron hand.

In front sat Kaiser Bill with three small gods and drove
This Juggernaut, and claimed himself the mighty Jove.
The laws of God and treaties solemn made were torn
Like "Scraps of paper" waste and on the winds were borne.

Beneath this car ten million men are slain like beasts
While in pavilioned halls these gods oft sit at feasts.
Debased like king whose heart was changed to heart
of beast,
They saw the hand that wrote at King Belshazzar's
feast.

The orphan's wail, the mother's prayer and lover's
cry
Now reached our God who sent His angel from the
sky
And smote these demon gods and crushed their
taunting boast
Like angel hand that smote the proud Assyrian host.

This wonderous German car on one November day
Collapsed and turned to dust like "Deacon's one hoss
shay."
In four sad years of gore, completed was its race,
And in a tidal wave it sank "Without a trace."

LIBERTY BALL

Liberty ball, liberty bonds,
Liberty coach, liberty belles;
The first is rolled by Uncle Sam,
And everywhere his story tells
To all the people on the road
How cash will help to win the fight
Agains the Huns and Allies help
To save the world for God and right.

From Buffalo to Gotham Town,
Through Empire State to ocean tide
The coach is drawn by prancing grays
The famous steeds electrified.
But best of all the belles you see,
For they can win where others fail
And always right in every cause,
So rights of all must soon prevail.

Secure we rest with faith most strong,
For woman's heart as well as hand
Is joined in cause we seek to win,
The greatest asset in our land.
Our nation never knew defeat,
For women work as well as pray
For men on battle line and fleet,
So woman's heart has paved the way.

THE NEW ERA

In forests dense on marsh land rich,
The ferns that once adorned the earth
Grew large and high long years ago
Where lower forms of life had birth.

As earthquake came, the forests sank
And life was tombed beneath the waves,
Deep covered o'er with sand and mould,
Where long they slept in watery graves.

A resurrection came; they rise
New formed above their ocean bed,
And man, the highest type of life
Now lives in homes above the dead.

The dead below, his dwelling light
And cheerful feed his hearthstone grate;
They turn the wheels throughout the land
And useful servants now they make.

Not lost but changed to useful forms,
For nothing made is made in vain;
The fittest live, the useless die
To serve surviving life again.

The rocks record the works of God,
The stars show forth His Wond'rous plan,
His Word foretells that right will win
With liberty in every land.

The prophet Joel saw the woes
To come, three thousand years ago,
The fields laid waste and mourning days
That nations now in battle know.

The great stone form that Daniel saw
In mountain cut by hand divine,
The despot's rule and foes of right
Will break and grind in powder fine.

Last war on earth by John was seen
Where cruel Huns and Turks were classed
In types of beast and prophet false,
And by the Christ from earth were cast.

The vision twice by prophets seen
Where swords in plowshares they would beat
And pruning hooks from spears they make,
For men in war no longer meet.

Today the world in sackcloth sits,
For tears and blood in rivers flow.
But in the riven clouds we see
That God has set his promised bow.

"Whom gods destroy they first make mad,"
While on the blood of men they nurse,
And trampling down their rights in dust
They seek to rule the universe.

The Prussian beast, that kultured fiend,
Like dragon old whom Michael fought,
Will soon be crushed with rights restored
To all the blest "New Era" sought.

For help to win the war today
The nations look across the sea,
Where voice of God through people speaks
In our blessed land of the free.

THE DOVE OF PEACE

Sweet dove of peace with olive branch,
We welcome thee from fields of France.
The clash of arms and cannon's roar
In Europe's fields are stilled once more.

Once drifting crost the waters dark,
On Ararat is moored our ark,
Now anchored safe by pilot hand
Secure we stand on promised land.

Ten million men on land and sea
Have died in cause of liberty
To free oppressed in every land
With civic rights for every man.

The German people rose amass
And drove from throne the royal class,
And on their fall republics rise
When despot's rule forever dies.

This war of death has passed away,
But war of hate still holds its sway;
Soon may the spirit from above
With cleansing power change hate to love.

Listen to Him who died for you,
"Forgive, they know not what they do."
The world now clasps in brotherhood,
The new-made earth, pronounced as "Good."

Gilman Marston

18H
O.MAN MARSTON.
1880

THE OLD GUARD HOUSE

Dark the days in eighteen sixty,
Sad the hearts in Northern home,
For the fires blazed bright in Dixie
When secession's break had come.

Brave the men in North resisting,
Many solons then were drilled
Under Cassius Clay assisting,
Some a rank in field soon filled.

While a seat in Congress filling
Marston learned to handle gun
With the men who there were drilling
For the conflict now begun.

When his troops were early starting
In the work so new to them,
Frequent in the house of guarding,
Sometimes some returned again.

When old Neaglee came inspecting,
Said the guard house was too good,
"Build one strong that has no lighting,"
This the Colonel understood.

Then he set his men to cutting
All of them were busy there
Every one like slaves was hustling
Willing each to do his share.

When the guard house was completed
With no door nor window made,
Gen'ral then the Colonel greeted,
When his visit there he paid.

Neaglee smiled with satisfaction
As he viewed the house with care,
And he asked the Colonel's action
How to get the men in there.

"Strict I've followed your commanding
How to get the men inside
Was not made in your first planning
But for you to now decide.

House of logs long days was standing
Laughing of it oft they speak,
Boys in Blue ne'er inside landing
Where the elves played hide and seek.

Hero brave on first field leading,
Shoulder shattered with a ball,
Kept his horse though wound was bleeding,
Till his men had their recall.

In the morning at first lighting,
Malvern Hill he quickly won;
And Cold Harbor's fearful fighting
Honors gave New Hampshire's son.

He was kind with friendly greeting,
Heart as tender as a child,
Sometimes rough when he was speaking,
But his deeds above are filed.

In New Hampshire sweetly sleeping,
Honored statesman, soldier brave,
Huge the granite boulder keeping
Silent guard above his grave.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

There are doctors of men and doctors for kine,
There are doctors of state and doctors divine;
There are doctors and searchers for deadly germs,
And surgeons a plenty who will cut, on good terms.

But doctors of state are the busiest of all
For Europe is sick and has sent a quick call.
From drugs and from herbs they seek something new,
A sure royal cure for the dread "German Flu."

Our Wilson a loud call heard from Europe's craft
Who packed in his case a balm from Doctor Taft.
Skilled old doctors are they, and may God bless their souls
As the world wise the "League of Nations" unfolds.

There are quacks now quacking that this is a fake;
That the old Constitution they will crack and break.
The words of our Washington they do not recall,
To "cultivate peace and harmony with all."

That a "Peace" which will last and completed will be
We must see the nations protected and free.
For "Justice and benevolence" they look afar
Acrost the wide sea to blest Columbia.

And the "Sage of Monticello" they criticised
When the Louisiana tract became our prize.
Against old Monroe the quacks invectives hurled
That guardians we should be of the western world.

Wildly they howled at the cold Alaska bought,
"Seward's Folly" dubbing it in language hot.
But now we can see that its worth was half known
For millions of gold-eagles from there have flown.

When by Dewey's guns, a world power we became
In the far-off East, then the quacks quacked again;
But by our McKinley, brave Bryan took his stand
And followers urged to aid the treaty planned.

Slackers now with German propaganda filled
Are those who refuse in this "Temple" to build.
Our army, the best through a selective draft
Opened this arena for Wilson and Taft.

Awake, oh Land! this is the hour supreme,
"Entangled alliance" is a night-mare dream;
Now the work let us do that was God's design
And crusaders be from the western Palestine.

OUR HEROES SHALL LIVE

Our fathers built in homes on western sea
"A nation new, conceived in liberty,"—
A structure grand, cemented with their blood,
Which flowed from mountain pass to ocean's flood.

"This nation, under God, shall have new birth"
Whose "People shall not perish from the earth."
We consecrate the fields, a resting place
Where heroes sleep in hallowed grounds they grace.

We dedicate ourselves with them again,
And vow "These dead shall not have died in vain."
A mother bids her sons to go and fight
And give their lives for home and nation's right.

They once were hers, but now by state possessed
Whose unseen forms awake from balmy rest
And view with pride on plain and ocean tide
The land still free for which their fathers died.

Our Lord's last words on cross to weeping one
When John He gave to her,—"Behold thy son."
And mother brave whose son for country died
Is blest like her whose Son they crucified.

For all the sons of men her children are
And recompensed the mother is by far,
For all who fought on battle fields with him
Are brothers each and claim them all her kin.

And when completed is the scroll of time,
We'll see, in golden letters clear and fine
Recording angels write in halls of fame
The valient deeds of men with mother's name.

THE FLAG AND THE FLOWERS

James P. Foster*

Mid flowers sweet and waving grass,
  Gemming in the place where the dead repose,
Brighter than daisy blooms or rose,
  I see visions fair where I pass.

There is no spot with flag unseen
  Where is grouped a bivouac of graves,
And there I see it proudly waves
  Above the low shelter-tents of green.

It watches, well our comrades' rest,
  And mem'rys voice will not be stilled
For those we know in graves now filled
  Where sleep our bravest and our best.

They followed where the stars have led,
  Whose stripes were bows of promise high,
Spanning with hope war's threat'ning sky,
  And mark the camps of the silent dead

Still was the promise true and bright,
  For with loyal duty well done,

Death made them heroes evermore,—
Martyred-victors for land and right.

And when my life's campaign is past,
I'm laid to sleep in death's still dream,
Where I rest let "Old Glory" gleam
And there my comrades their flowers cast.

My clay will not unconscious be
As they place the flag o'er my breast,
'Twill taste its sweetness through its rest
And my soul its nearness see.

The fairest spot in this world of ours
Is where our flag unfolds its bars;
Beaming bright through its eye-like stars
Where the brave lie beneath the flowers.

---

*In 1861 James P. Foster of Hudson, N. Y. recruited at his own expense in Greene and Columbia Counties, N. Y., a "Company" or "Troop" of mounted men (upwards of 120) with whom he was mustered into U. S. service as Captain of Troop M, Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry." Later he was transferred to the 128th. New York Infantry of which he became its Colonel before the close of the war. He was in many of the engagements of the Civil War and in the battle of Cedar Creek he was commended for gallantry by General Sheridan.

After the war he became an Episcopal clergyman and served several parishes in the state. On retiring from regular work he made Geneva, N. Y. his home where he died in 1907 and was interned in Washington Street Cemetery. He was noted as an author and lecturer.

OUT THERE WHEN THE STARS ARE SHINING

P. H. Sheehan

Out there when the stars are shining,
Shedding down their holy light,
A soldier stands whose far-off gaze
Would pierce the walls of night,
Out there when the stars are shining,
He sees in a distant home
The visions of the loved ones there
Now beck'ning him to come.

Out there when the stars are shining
His soul he gives to His care,—
To Him who heeds a sparrow's fall
And breathes a silent prayer.
Out there when the stars are shining
His anguishing soul now hears
That voice down through the centuries,
"Thy will be done," now cheers.
Out there when the stars are shining,
At the close of battle day
They look upon a silent form
Whose soul has passed away.
Out there when the stars are shining,

Shedding down their holy light
The daisies are growing o'er him
In the long, silent night.

At home when the stars are shining,
Shedding down their holy light,
They look on a sorrowing mother
Who gazes out at night.
At home when the stars are shining
She prays to her God above
To safe return him home again
For the sake of mother's love.

Up there when the stars are shining,
Shedding down their holy light,
That mother and her soldier boy
Will meet where all is bright.
Up there when the stars are shining,
On eternity's bright shore,
The two will be united soon
To be parted never more.

Up there when the stars are shining,
Where the angels share their joy,
In happiness and in glory
Are the mother and her boy.
Down here when the stars are shining,
Shedding down their holy light
On history's fairest pages
Their names in love we'll write.

THEY FOLLOWED THE FLAG

P. H. Sheehan

Yes, you've followed the flag when you lisped your prayers
As a child at your mother's knee,
You've followed the flag and freed from cares
You laugh in childish glee.

Yes, you've followed the flag in your boyhood days
Whose emblems true your soul now thrill,
You've followed the flag, and sang its praise
And dreamed the dreams boys will.

Yes, you followed the flag at your country's call
And left your dear and saddened home,
You followed the flag to fight and to fall
When the nation bid you come.

Yes, you followed the flag to a far off land
Acrost the ocean deep and wide,
You followed the flag with heart and hand,
You are a nation's pride.

Yes, you followed the flag at the zero hour
When your comrades beside you fell,
You followed the flag to crush a tyrant's power
Up to the jaws of hell.

Yes, you followed the flag at Kemmel Ridge
And backward you turned the haughty foes,
Acrost the Marne you built the bridge
And saved the world from woe.

Yes, you followed the flag where your grandsires fought
At Saratoga's bloody fields,
You followed the flag and nobly wrought
With a heart that never yields.

Yes, you followed the flag as they did that day
At the battle of Lundy's Lane,
You followed the flag to fight and win
On that bloody field of pain.

Yes, you followed the flag as your forbears did
On the field of Monterey,
You followed the flag and the wide world knows
You nobly fought in the fray.

Yes, you followed the flag as your fathers did
At Gettysburg's terrible dell,
You followed the flag to die like them
As the cannon sounds your knell.

Yes, you followed the flag as your brothers did
That famous day at San Juan Hill,
You followed the flag and your glorious deeds
The world will ever thrill.

Yes, you followed the flag to your comrades'
grave,
And heard the words of "Dust to dust;"
You followed the flag with tear dimmed eye
And placed in God your trust.

Yes, you followed the flag and follow it still
From the cradle's side to the grave,
And when they sound life's last revelle
In pride 'twill o'er you wave.

And flowers sweet they'll bring in future years
To pay to you the tribute due;
In life you followed the dear old flag,
In death 'twill folllow you.

WHEN OUR BOYS COME MARCHING HOME

When our boys come marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah,
A welcome warm we will give the men,
Hurrah, hurrah,
The Cereal Mill will sound its blast
And banners proud will hang amast,
And we'll all feel gay
When our boys come marching home.

On the fields of France, you there have been
Hurrah! hurrah!
And lines of the cruel Huns made thin
Hurrah, hurrah,
When you bravely charged on "No man's land,"
In battle-lines that made you grand,
So we'll all feel proud
As our boys are marching home.

A debt you have paid to dear old France
Hurrah, hurrah,
The cause of freedom you have advanced
Hurrah, hurrah,
The call of God you have obeyed
For lasting peace we long have prayed,
Now we'll all feel glad
When our boys come marching home

The cannons will roar, the bells will ring,
Hurrah, hurrah,
The ladies their sweetest songs will sing,
Hurrah, hurrah,
In Armory hall we all will dine
With heroes from the Hindenburg line,
And we'll all feel gay
When our boys come marching home.

BREVET MAJOR J. G. STACEY
MILITARY INSTRUCTOR IN
GENEVA DISTRICT

LIEUT. E. F. WINNEK

Killed in the Charge of the Hindenburg Line
September 29, 1918

BRIEF HISTORY OF COMPANY B, GENEVA, N. Y.

Company B was organized in December, 1879, and mustered into state service as the 34th Separate Company, January 20th, 1880 (civic name Folger Corps) with C. W. Folger, Captain, H. J. Eddy, First Lieutenant and G. S. Prince as Second Lieutenant. When they were mustered in they occupied what was called at that time "Cobb's Wool Room" located on the rear of the building now occupied by *The Geneva Daily Times*. This Company moved to Dove's Hall opposite the Kirkwood Hotel on Exchange street during the winter of 1885 and into the new Armory on Main street (which was built in 1891–1892) early in the spring of 1893. The Company was on duty during the switchman's strike at Buffalo in August 1892. It was in the United States service during the Spanish American War from May 1st to December 3d, 1898 as Company B, 3d N. Y. Volunteer Infantry, after which the name was changed to Company B, 2d Battalion, National Guards, New York. In 1908 it was known as Company B, 3d Infantry, N. G. N. Y. It was called out in April 1913 to protect property and maintain order during the International Railway strike in Buffalo.

We condense from *The Geneva Daily Times* of April 9th, 1913, the following account: "In the night of April 8th at exactly 11.45, Colonel William Wilson of the 3d Regiment received the following order from General Samuel H. Welch, the commanding officer of the 4th Brigade: 'Report your command immediately to Buffalo for riot duty with service uniforms and three days' rations, with twenty rounds of guard ammunition, no wagons, also ambulance Corps.'

"At the midnight hour the siren whistle of the Patent Cereals Company sounded its six blasts for the immediate assembly of the Company at the Armory for duty. Captain J. G. Stacey at once summoned all the available taxicabs in

the city to bring in the men who lived at a distance from the Armory. To obtain the necessary supplies the grocery men in the city were routed out of bed and their stores opened. Those in charge of the Armory rendered valuable assistance in this hurried service. The Company marched to the L. V. R. R. Station for train No. 3, due at 4.30 a. m., with all their supplies and equipments ready for shipment. When all was ready and the conductor was ready to signal the engineer to start, Col. Wilson said to the conductor:—'You haven't put the baggage on yet,' to which he replied 'We haven't any room for it.' The Colonel told him in an accent that the conductor understood, 'You put that baggage on or neither you nor your train will leave this station.' The baggage was loaded and a little past seven o'clock that morning the boys were marching in the streets of Buffalo to the Armory where after breakfast, they were assigned to the most important and critical post—the Seneca Street Car House."

This was one of the quickest responses to duty on record. We quote this incident to illustrate the efficiency of the officers and the readiness of the men to answer call which have won signal honors for Company B at home and abroad.

This Company was in the United States service on the Mexican Border from June 26th to October 5th, 1916, and the welcome they received on their return was the greatest ever known in the city, but which will probably be eclipsed on their return from the world's great war.

They again entered the United States service in the war with Germany April 13th, 1917, and were stationed at Pelham N. Y. and later transferred to Spartanburg, S. C., for training. The Company left Geneva with 154 men, rank and file, which sailed over seas in May, 1918, and became a part of the 108th Regiment in the 27th Division.

After Company B had left for the Spanish-American war the 134th Separate Company was organized May 20th, 1898, with Captain H. B. Graves, First Lieutenant C. W. Fairfax and Second Lieutenant M. S. Gaylord as officers, who were

mustered out December 20th, 1898 and placed on the supernumerary list. Company B, Depot Unit, 3d Infantry, N. G. N. Y. was organized June 26th, 1916 when Captain Graves and Lieutenants Fairfax and Gaylord were placed on active duty as officers. The Company was mustered into State service as Company B 3d Infantry, New York Guards, November 5th, 1917, and many of the men received instruciton that helped them very materially when they enlisted or were drafted into the United States service for our war with Germany.

The records of Company B that went to France are written in blood and many of its members died on the field of honor. This Company distinguished itself at Kemmel Mountain and several bloody battles when they smashed the "Hindenburg Line" with the Twenty-seventh and the Thirtieth Divisions which formed the second American Army Corps in France and were always at the point of the wedge which was being driven into the enemy lines. "The Twenty-seventh throughout the war was used as a shock division and was hurled against the line where the enemy and his field fortifications were the strongest. These two divisions took 6,000 prisoners,—one-eighth of all the prisoners taken by the American Expeditionary Force." "There were more dead in the wake of the Twenty-seventh than ever seen behind any division of the allied armies. Every man of this division, killed in these battles fell with face towards the enemy." Forty years of faithful service stand behind the untarnished record of this Company.

While we point with pride to our Company B, ALL that did their part in the world's great struggle for freedom are entitled to honor with them, and, in "The American Soldier's Temple of Fame," will have their names written there. Our heroes will forever live in the hearts of a grateful people, while in the fields of sunny France—

"There sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

THE BATTLE OF CHATEAU THIERRY

The sixteenth decisive battle of the world was won by the American Marines at Chateau Thierry June 6, 1918, "which saved Paris and, perhaps, saved France." In grateful remembrance of "The Charge of the Marine Brigade," the French have renamed one of the finest boulevards in Paris "The Avenue of the Marines."

The German tidal wave had crossed the Marne and they were within twenty-five miles of Paris. Foch had sent word that he could hold the German army from Paris but a short time. Foch had planned that by the following spring there would be three million American troops in France and by mixing them with the trained French and British veterans he could assume the offensive. He did not then realize that the American troops were "veterans born," and that the "valiant sword of America had never known defeat." The story of the American Marines at Chateau Thierry is graphically told in *The Post Express*, Rochester, N. Y., November 13, 1918, from which is copied the following:

"One summer night, almost on the eve of the evacuation of Paris, two regiments of American Marines marched through the streets of the French capital, en route to the front. Marshal Foch had ordered them down to the Marne country, to hold the second line of trenches for the purpose of covering the retreat of the French defenders from the first line. Everybody in Paris knew what the Americans were going to the front for. They cheered the marines as they marched through the streets in the twilight. Many wept. 'Poor boys!' they said. 'They are a sacrifice. They are going to be fed to the lions.' And others shook their heads sadly. 'What a pity,' they said. 'Such fine looking young fellows. They will never come back.' And tears and heartaches followed the Yankee boys as they went out of Paris that night to take the road to the Marne.

The marines reached the second line trenches when the battle on the first line was at its perihelion. The Germans had loosed seven waves of infantry against the French defenders of the trenches. The seventh wave broke through the French lines. The order sounded to retreat. The marines in the second line opened out to permit the French to pass through. The maneuver was accomplished. Then the order came from Foch's headquarters for the marines to retreat. But that order was never obeyed. 'Retreat, hell! We've just got here,' one of the 'leathernecks' said, and the words went down the line in a mighty shout. Then another shout went up. 'come on, boys! This is not the American way—to stand here and get shot.' Then a third cry, 'Remember the Lusitania!'

Congruously with that cry the marines were over the top and on their way across No Man's Land. Face to face, steel to steel, they met the German line as it rolled to the attack; the whole German army broke and run. 'Remember the Lusitania!'

Word came to the retreating French troops that the Americans had broken the German line and were driving the Huns across the Marne. The news galvanized the French soldiers into new life. Without orders they turned and rushed into the battle and fought shoulder to shoulder with the Yanks like demons. The German retreat became a rout. The Huns crossed the Marne, destroying their pontoons behind them. Americans and French leaped into the water and swam the river in the teeth of artillery and machine-gun fire."

When the news came to Marshal Foch over the telephone that evening that the Americans had taken Chateau Thierry, one of the key positions of the German line and that the American and French troops were pursuing the Germans a dozen miles beyond, he said to the American officers at his headquarters, "It is not war, gentlemen, but it is magnificent." This was the turning point in the world's great war and made the "Charge on the Hindenburg Line" a possibility where immortal glory crowned American valor.

MARSTON AND "THE OLD GUARD HOUSE"

General Gilman Marston was born at Orford, N. H., August 20th, 1811. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1837, was admitted to the bar in 1841 and practiced law at Exeter, N. H. He served many terms in the New Hampshire Legislature and was elected to Congress in 1858. He was re-elected in 1860 and was a member of the battalion commanded by Cassius Clay for the defence of the National capital. He was appointed Colonel of the second New Hampshire regiment of volunteers. He served with distinction under McClellan, Butler and Grant. When ordered to capture Malvern Hill it was so skillfully planned and so quickly executed that he surprised the enemy and stormed the Hill with but little loss. He commanded a division at Cold Harbor, where he was with his men in the thickest of the battle and where he lost nearly half of his command by this unfortunate order from Gen. Grant.

General Butler who was at his funeral, spoke of his services under him in the advance on Richmond in part as follows: "General Marston captured their outer lines and held them. His vigor and gallantry were never excelled by any soldier. The enemy made a vigorous attempt to regain them, firing heavily, when Marston's men began to waver. He saw that something must be done to give them courage and confidence. He mounted his horse and rode to the front of his men with bullets whistling all around him. This example of bravery inspired his men and General Marston was successful in resisting the attack of Gen. Lee."

During the winter of 61–62 Colonel Marston's regiment formed a part of a brigade under General Neaglee, who was disliked by both officers and men. The "Old Guard House" was built at Budd's Ferry on the lower Potomac and stood there many years, a monument of General Marston's love for his men.

With Abou Ben Adem, he speaks again:—
"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

OFFICERS OF COMPANY B

Captains

C. W. Folger	Dec. 17, 1879	Discharged, Dec. 24, 1881.
G. S. Prince	Jan. 5, 1882	Discharged Sept. 6, 1884.
Wm. Wilson	Oct. 6, 1884	Promoted to Major 3d N. Y. Vol. May 1, 1898.
J. G. Stacey	April 1, 1899 Re-entered service, Jan. 19, 1906	Capt. Co. B 3d N. G. Vol., Inft. May 1, 1898 to Dec. 3d, 1898. Discharged Mar. 11, 1905. Retired Dec. 29, 1913.
S. W. Merrill	Oct. 19, 1914	

First Lieutenants

H. J. Eddy	Dec. 17, 1879	Discharged Feb. 21, 1882.
William Wilson	Feb. 23, 1882	Promoted to Capt. Jan. 17, 1885.
G. C. Schell	Nov. 7, 1884	Discharged Aug. 7, 1893.
J. G. Stacey	Sept. 4, 1893	Promoted to Capt. Apr. 1, 1899.
W. L. McKay	May 18, 1899	Discharged March 6, 1906.
S. H. Merrill	Dec. 14, 1906	Prom. to Capt. Oct. 19, 1914.
T. I. Coursey	Dec. 31, 1914	Still in service, Ordinance Dept. U. S. A.
E. F. Winnek	Date not known	Killed in action, Sept. 29, 1918, leading Co. B in charge on the Hindenburg line.
J. R. Fiero	Date not known	In service with Co. B, 108th U. S. Inft.

Second Lieutenants

G. S. Prince	Dec. 17, 1879	Prom. to Capt. Jan. 5, 1885.
E. T. Sigler	Feb. 23, 1882	Discharged Oct. 21, 1886.
W. L. McKay	Sept. 4, 1893	Prom. to 1st Lieut. May 19, 1899.

Horace Webster	Oct. 15, 1896	Prom. to Adj. 2d Batt. June 1, 1899. Died at Manilla, P. I., U. S. Vol. service.
T. W. Folger	Apr. 2, 1901	Discharged Aug. 1, 1905
A. S. Callan	Dec. 14, 1906	Transferred to 10th Regt. June 14, 1909.
J. S. Slosson	Feb. 27, 1909	Discharged May 24, 1910.
C. C. Lytle	July 27, ——	Trans. to Med. Dept. as 1st Lieut. May 29, 1911
T. J. Coursey	May 28, 1912	Prom. to 1st Lieut. Dec. 21, 1914.
E. F. Winnek	Aug. 10, 1915	Prom. to 1st Lieut. over seas.
J. R. Fiero	Date unknown	Prom. to 1st Lieut. Co. B. Abroad.

Officers of 134th Sep. Co. Co. B—Depot Unit and Co. B, 3d Inft. N. Y. G.

Captains

H. B. Graves	June 3, 1898	Supernumerary Dec.21,1898. Capt. Co. B. Dept. Unit 3d Inf. N. Y. Capt. Co. B 3d N. Y. G. Oct. 5, 1918. Ret. list Dec. 11, 1917.
M. S. Gaylord	Jan. 8, 1918	Prom. to Major 3d Inft. May 10, 1918.
T. G. Hubbard	July 1, 1918	Still in service.

First Lieutenants

C. W. Fairfax	June 3, 1898	Discharged to enter U. S. service Dec. 12, 1917
C. P. Rose	June 8, 1918	Discharged May 31, 1918.
J. P. Ditmars	Aug. 10, 1918	Still in service with Co.

Second Lieutenants

M. S. Gaylord	June 3, 1898	Prom. to Capt. Jan 8, 1918.
T. G. Hubbard	Jan. 8, 1918	Prom. to Capt. July 1, 1918.
E. L. Baker	Aug. 16, 1918	Still in service with Co.

GENEVA'S ROLL OF HONOR

Gen. Wm. Wilson, Capt. S. H. Merrill, Lieut. T. J. Coursey, Lieut. J. R. Fiero.

R. D. Albertson, A. Annannia, M. Albanese, G. Ansley, K. Alexander, W. E. Anderson, T. H. Answorth, W. H. Austin, A. L. Ayers, R. J. Anderson, F. Alviro, A. E. Allison, M. Atself, F. Alviro, P. L. Avery, C. L. Allen, A. L. Allen, P. H. Andre, L. F. Allen, J. A. Anania, M. G. Allen, T. H. Allen, H. H. Austin, M. Abbott, J. Arnold, J. J. Arnold, D. C. Affleck, E. S. Albro, D. B. Ayers, J. S. Allen,—S. P. Barrett, H. S. Burke, J. N. Brandow, W. E. Buckholz, E. Becker, C. J. Brener, H. J. Burrall, J. H. Brown, James Brown, D. F. Broderick, A. M. Brower, W. J. Boushlack, C. E. Brewer, W. F. Barnes, R. S. Rose, W. T. Bagley, H. W. Bowers, T. J. Rogers, W. R. Brietfield, R. D. Brown, L. T. Burns, F. T. Burns, J. D. Brurdict, A. Bertino, T. Brigande, J. S. Barnes, C. F. Bakesley, G. W. Burbar, R. C. Ballantyne, J. R. Barron, G. Bararado, A. Brower, E. F. Burns, C. S. Bowers, R. Bridges, C. J. Blood, A. Beloo, J. R. Baker, W. H. Baldridge, H. Blyleven, H. S. Bogart, G. R. Bradford, T. Brail, A. Bruno, C. I. Brewer, T. Bower, C. M. Bogart, F. J. Burns, J. E. Butts, H. V. Boyd, R. E. Bowers, C. P. Bodine, H. S. Brennan, H. W. Burr (now Lieut.), F. L. Burr, G. W. Barry, W. F. Buckley, E. M. Bragg, E. S. Butler, C. L. Bratt, C. R. Barry, C. E. Barrett, L. V. Baker, H. E. Bartlett, H. L. Becker, M. H. Brewer, W. J. Bols, C. E. Boals, E. W. Brown, E. W. Brimm, J. M. Buckley, C. D. Burgreen, J. M. Burns, H. J. Burns, A. F. Barrett, G. N. Barryman, E. T. Burns, G. H. Burtis, E. A. Beals, W. W. Bauer, R. Del Brown, W. E. Broderick, W. J. Bolin, H. Bloodgood, G. G. Brown, C. H. Burns, A. A. Bacon, H. S. Bloodgood, S. Baldwin, O. G. Beach, C. F. Robson, E. L. Robson, K. R. Boyd, K. A. Bray, G. A. Bucklin, C. W. Beard, F. Brown, W. E. Breese, M. Baroody, A. S. Birchey, C. R. Blanchard, F. G. Baker, A. L. Black, A. R. Batchler,

M. Bruno, J. Bland, W. E. Bryan, R. S. Boyd, W. G. H. Buchholz, J. Barrett, T. L. Bouslack, A. Bononie,—C. L. Chapman, C. Connolly, A. Codippoti, C. F. Campbell, L. H. Cook, P. S. Church, H. G. Campbell, W. R. Cook, H. J. Clearwater, R. E. Carr, T. Connell, C. P. Chapman, H. Cameron, W. H. Collens, A. E. Conroy, L. Campaigma, A. Cardi, J. F. Cassey, B. C. Cooley, E. Carpenter, J. Carpenter, T. L. Conway, E. F. Campbell, C. E. Colegrove, E. R. Cairns, D. Carnovale, J. Cannuli, P. Corcoran, J. J. Corcoran, J. Carmell, J. A. Chartres, E. K. Christenson, L. W. Clark, B. S. Cleveland, F. J. Clow, H. Costley, J. Colaci, C. Condut, F. M. Cook, C. F. Campbell, T. E. Cass, C. H. Cavanough, K. M. Cummings, B. R. Conley, J. C. Casey, V. Crowley, O. G. Chiarilli, T. J. Comisky, F. K. Clark, J. M. Casey, B. F. Cook, C. A. Carroll, R. C. Chamberlain, E. E. Churchill, E. C. Courtney, L. A. Curry, R. DeCann, C. H. Clark, L. V. Colgrove, F. E. Crider, J. J. Corcoran, Dr. J. J. Collie, G. Cannuli, R. G. Cook, R. H. Casentino, N. Crufi, M. Como, M. Costenino, S. A. Chamberlain, J. Crash, T. F. Connolly, C. W. Carey, E. A. Carey, W. F. Cuddy, P. B. Clark, E. J. Collins, F. B. Campbell, H. R. Cutter, A. P. Chapman, D. B. Clayton, J. J. Corcoran, W. H. Carey,—R. Dinan, A. B. Dusinberrie, J. Damaco, T. J. Dalley, W. Drumm, A. E. Dellinger, J. G. Dilley, B. J. Dee, A. Divincenzo, P. Dinadri, J. Damick, A. W. Dunn, C. Dukelow, W. H. DeLancey, G. S. Dusinberry, A. Denico, J. Deneo, A. Denicola, J. C. Dorman, Will Day, S. P. Doyle, M. Damico, S. DeMare, G. Didombli, P. Dinardi, A. Dinide, V. DeBondetto, J. W. Delaney, C. F. Dewey, J. Dryer, H. H. Donahue, A. R. DeBott, W. M. Diviney, D. M. Dale, W. D. Deal, E. J. Dunton, E. P. Donahue, C. W. Day, M. H. Doyle, J Dinan, G. Doty, M. C. Dennison, H. M. Dailey, L. C. Dumont, C. B. Dorsey, Jr., O. Desico, D. F. Driscoll, H. D. Dusinberre, R. H. Dunker, J. H. Duffy, J. Draddo, A. Diradedo, J. F. Devaney, E. Deming, C. W. Dougherty, E. B. Delmarter, C. C. Debolt, M. Draheim, J. R. Dibble, C. E. Dennison, D. S.

Densmore, C. C. Duell, A. Divinenzo, F. Decan,—H. J. Emmons, Roy Emighy, J. Errico, H. M. Ensley, G. Ely, K. M. Evarts, J. E. Esty, C. A. Evans, J. B. Esty, C. M. Edmonston, J. D. Estes, R. Eighmey, J. T. Edwards, F. O. Eberle, L. G. Edwards, S. B. Easter, F. S. Emmett, N. B. Edwards,—F. Ferrini, L. T. Fay, R. F. Faucett, C. R. Fitzgerald, W. B. Fryer, B. G. Frolich, A. V. Flint, G. Fox, E. B. Finnerty, G. Frazzini, J. F. Ford, W. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, C. D. Frolick, J. T. Fergusom, F. W. Frost, A. A. Foster, D. V. Fisher, G. W. Ford, W. W. Frary, M. J. Frozzo, F. Fiore, H. G. Frost, C. C. Fairfax, T. M. Fast, L. H. Fairfax, C. W. Fairfax, C. J. Fisher, J. H. Frautz, H. Dox, J. Fallon, J. H. Ford, L. J. Ferguson, W. H. Frautz, J. V. Frank, J. A. Foster,—S. Geummarra, T. Gablaiske, F. W. Goose, C. W. Grove, S. Gaffafi, C. Gringeri, W. Gulvin, F. Gleason, J. F. Gleason, J. A. Gleason, E. G. Gaylord, R. N. Graves, J. M. Goodman, F. Gaylord, B. Garufe, William Goodelle, L. W. Gracey, J. Goodman, O. B. Gale, G. Gringire, A. Gabbialo, S. H. Gamber, D. Garanate, D. Giordino, L. E. Grandy, U. Giorioche, B. C. Gould, J. P. Gavin, T. F. Grady, W. A. Goodwin, C. P. Green, T. F. Gannon, A. J. Gebera, C. J. Gilbert, J. W. Gallagher, J. Garvey, H. W. Goose, E. D. Gorden, J. H. Gooden, E. C. Goodenow, P. Gaglistti, L. A. Gracey, R. Graney, W. Giddings, G. W. Gittens, J. Gardinal, H. C. Gaylord, J. H. Guinan, B. Gordon, H. E. Graham, L. A. Graham, A. L. Gaylord, E. F. Geraghety, T. D. Guinan, J. W. Gallagher,—N. H. Howe, M. B. Hoyles, J. W. Hull, O. W. Harris, S. W. Harmon, J. H. Harmon, M. M. Harmon, A. Hamling, E. Herendeen, E. J. Hoffman, L. M. Hayes, A. Hennessy, J. Hospes D. A. Henry, W. Holmes, A. D. Hubbs, Waldo Hutchins, Jr., J. R. Hurley, D. R. Holman, H. J. Hansen, G. H. Howe, C. E. Hadley, F. S. Harrison, A. E. Hagan, M. Hansen, M. Henratta, J. W. Hill, J. T. Holderman, H. N. Hubbs, D. I. Holberton, P. Hagen, S. A. Harris, G. Helms, F. E. Hoag, J. J. Howe, P. H. Hawkins, E. W. Hemingway, C. F.

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Captain J. S. Slosson, Co. E, 105th Regt., killed in battle, Sept. 29th, 1918,—Lieutenant E. F. Winnek, commanding Company B when killed in battle,—C. H. Alcock, A. R. Aumick,——P. J. O'Byrne,—A. Bonnanni,—F. M. Balistreri,—L. W. Brignall,—E. Carter,—H. L. Crane,—D. DeNicola,—A. Damico,—G. Diclements,—J. Earl Dakin,—S. Flinn,—W. W. Frary,—G. J. Fitzsimmons,—J. K. Flynn,—A. L. Flynn,—H. D. Goldie,—P. Golos,—W. E. Gavin,—L. E. Grady,—H. B. Keath,—W. F. Kelly,—H. L. Kenney,—E. W. Lautenslager,—A. Mauer,—H. J. Mulvey,—A. C. Pinckney,—T. H. Quinn,—J. J. Ross,—M. C. Rogers,—Jas. Savage,—Horace Simpson,—P. J. Toner,—W. Turner,—T. S. Van Riper,—W. A. Williams.

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